C. 9. 5

REMARKES
UPON A
PAMPHLET
Stiled, A Letter to a
Dissenter, &c.

In another Letter *to the same* Dissenter.

SIR,

AN highly applauded *Pamphlet* fell into my hand, at that instant when I was sealing my last Letter to you, relating to the *Penal Laws and Tests*, I then purposed to tell you my thoughts thereof in a Postscript, but being diverted till the Post was gone, and yours of the 8th Instant mentioning the thing, this comes to tell you, that I have slightly run it over, and do perceive the *Wordy Author* designs thereby to allure the *Dissenters* to a Contempt and Rejection of the *Kings* benigne Purpose to them. Its Title, and another Circumstance *your early notice of it*, inclines me to conclude that it was wrote to you; whether so or not; I shall briefly Remarque upon it The *great Man* sets out floridly; As a *Modish* Person, he accosts the poor *Dissenter* by way of *Address*. The Courtship seems to me sudden and surprizing, and I suspect the Design, for I take it to be something *Judas-like*, for one of the *Epistlers Figure* and *Spirit*, to approach a *Mechanick*, and a *Schismatick* to boot, in the humble way of *Hat and Knee*.

But he doubts not of kind reception, provided that his

Diſſenter will take his Word, when he affirms, that he is neither *a Coward, nor a deſigning or freetfull Man.* I wiſh he had put his Name to his Letter, becauſe ſome will have it, that the *Author* is a Perſon ſo tranſcendently *Haughty* and *Ambitious*, that he little regards what, or whom he Sacrifices, may he but become *head of a party.* But,

If he gains not the Point, by the glorious *Character* which he aſcribes to himſelf, his *reaſons* muſt undoubtedly (as he conceits) win him the Day; his *friendſhip* commanding you to allow them to paſs Muſter, for he pledges his Word, that *the time of day*, diſpoſes him to *Charity*, therefore in this nick of time, you are neither to call into Queſtion his Wiſdom, Honeſty, or Affection; *a moſt lucky period.*

In confidence that I have at leaſt an equal title to your *Friendſhip*, his being but newly contracted, and ours what Storms hath tryed; I ſhall, in my old plain-dealing way with you, obſerve, that the *Gentlemans* ſtock both of *Charity and Truth* is very ſuddenly exhauſted, for he inſtantly charges to his *Diſſenters account* both the *Excluſion and Rebellion:* Were the Fact ſo, and the Brat laid at the right Door; Why ſhould this high *Pretender to Loyalty*, check in any *Delinquent*, a graetful Reſentment of his Maj ſties *Forgiveneſs?* But,

Should the *Fanatick* (to avoid wrangling with the *Church of England*) agree to make an equal Partition with her, of the mentioned Crimes, and their deſerved ſhame? The half would far exceed his due ſhare: Then will it be conſiſtent, with *her breeding, and ſuperlative Vertue*, to yeild *him* the honour of all the *Repentance and Confeſſion.*

In the next place your *Friend craves audience*, and paſſing the Complement, that he yet *hopes you in your Wits, he bids you beware of New Friends* (a very pertinent caution, your Friendſhip with him being yet in the bloſſom) and

He beſpeakes you to be a *prudent Chriſtian*, and not to *hazard the publick Safety, by the deſire of Eaſe or Revenge.* Good again.

To

To enforce the firſt *(viz.)* that you are to *ſuſpect new Friends*, he inſinuates, that you are not to be carried over, *by ſmooth Language now put on to engage you*, by the way, the expreſſion intending to inſinuate *a cheating Deſign*, had been as well worded (Words (with abundance of ſpite) being mainly what fills the Paper now before me) had it ſaid, putting off of ſmooth Language, or making what is Gilded over, to paſs as Current Coyn; but whether off or on be beſt, in this place; in the next, the *Gentleman* doffing his Clothes, perſonates an enraged ſlighted *Miſtreſs* (or *Rival*) and tells you, that *ſhe* (for to follow our Amorous Author, we muſt for a time change the Sex) had the *the firſt offer*, and you have only the coy Ladies leavings. It is then evident (and ſhall be anon further made out) that *ſhe held a parl; with your new Lover*, ay, but if you will credit her, ſhe ſaw his *Deformity*, and therefore *rejected* him. I doubt you will get little by enquiring of the *Squeamiſh Dame*, whether punctilios of Honour, hopes of higher Terms, or the Devils Pride and Envy, did not occaſion her raſh refuſal, and whether ſhe doth not too late repent it? for Queſtions of this kind do rarely receive direct and honeſt Anſwers. I ſhall therefore according to my wonted freedom, exhort you to *ſtand upon your Guard*, that ſhe may not play you a trick, and then reproach you. He now (for the Aggreſſor in Love, muſt be concluded to wear Breeches) *makes court to you*, examine carefully, I beſeech you, whether you are *his Choice, and not his Refuge*, if the laſt, it will be your wiſdom to make ſure terms with him, and allowing the *Gentleman* to mean as he would be taken, you have his own advice, that *you are not to yeild over haſtily to new Friends*, upon their beſpeaking you fairly. He tells you, that *you cannot reaſonably flatter your ſelf that there is* (with your Lover) *any inclination to you*: I incline to think as he doth, if he takes it, that beding together is to be the next thing in the caſe, (then 'tis probable that no Love is loſt) but I have

 heard,

heard, that a Perſon diſappointed in his firſt Amour, is ever after cold, and indifferent, in Affection; and therefore ſince *the Church of England* affirms, that ſhe *refuſed to ſtrike up a Bargain*, I will believe, that *a chaſt Diſſenter*, may live in the ſame Kingdom, with the *Romaniſt*, without the hazard of a *Rape*.

They (the Papiſts, ſaith the Letter) *never pretended to allow you any Quarter, but to uſher in Liberty to themſelves, under that ſhelter.* Well then, you are out of danger of being *put to the Sword*, you may have *Quarter*, a Grace refuſed you by the *Church of England*. Ay, may you ſay, but what are the terms? why, ſuch as are very equall, and highly reaſonable, both Parties have been long and ſorely galled by the *Canon of the Church of England*. The *Papiſts* will now help to *diſmount them*, and they call for your aid; I pray what harm in all this, and why ſo much noiſe againſt it?

And it proceeds; *Nay, at this very hour they can hardly forbear in the height of their Courtſhip, to let fall hard words of you, ſo little is nature to be reſtrained.* The Gentleman may well ſay,

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis,
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

You and I do know, *at this very hour*, and ſo doth he, the names of *dignified Sons of the Church of* England, *who declare, that the Devil will have both Papiſt and Diſſenter.* This I'm ſure is none of the ſofteſt Language.

But you are told in the next Paragraph, *That Liberty and Infallibility are the two moſt contrary things in the World.* I affirm, that it is beyond contradiction true, that our *errable Church of England* has run to the Arguments of that Church, which claims *Infallibility*; to juſtifie her ſelf, in her attempts, to extirpate Diſſenters; and (*right or wrong*) they had been Ruined, had not the preſent *Kings* Clemency reſcued them.

But

But *the Principles of the Roman Church allow not Liberty to Hereticks.* Nor do those of *the Engliſh Church to Schiſmaticks*; ſuch ſhe eſteems her *Diſſenters*, and as ſuch, ſhe (when in Power) conſtantly treats, and labours to deſtroy them.

If ſo, the argument of *preſent hugging, in order to the better ſqueezing hereafter*, vaniſhes; and *the ſeting up Bills, and offering Plaiſters for tender Conſciences*; may deſerve as great regard from *the Romiſh*, as from *the Lambeth Church*, and in our preſent conjuncture much more.

The Gentleman goes on to tell you. *The other day you were Sons of Belial, now you are Angels of Light.* And he aſſerts, *that to come ſo quick, from one extream to another, is ſuch unnatural a motion*, that you are to look to your ſelf. Pray do ſo, and in doing it, remember, that *in the word of a King there is Power*; and that *the Church of England*, which now hath none, to hurt or ſave (*till* her preſent exigence extorted a Complement) ſtiled you *a Child of Darkneſs.*

In the next place *the Men of Taunton and Tiverton* (for ſound or Jingle ſake, no doubt) are hook'd in, and their *Loyalty* ridiculed: notwithſtanding in this our *Church-Mans* opinion, that renders them vile, it would not offend a good Subject, to ſee others imitate them, and tho *H.* (at this day) *non eſt litera*; methinks *Hull* and *Halliſax* o a Northern-man, ſhould chime every whit as well as *T.* and *T.* of the *Weſt*; wherefore, pray prevail with your new Friend (who will not break with you in trifles) to write a ſecond Letter Northward, and if your Intrigue with him continues till the return of the general Poſt, (*for we are admoni ed to have a very tender regard to Horſes*) I doubt not but he will be obliged to tell you that the worthy Inhabitants of thoſe Places, have the courage to *vre Loraly* with any of his Majeſties Subjects. If I miſtake them, *Libera me.*

Now our *Valiant* Author (*the Weſt being vanquiſhed*) points *Southward*, and picks a Quarrel with the *poor Quakers.* This

may

may well ſurpriſe you, I'm ſure it did me at firſt ſight; for you and I believe they will not draw the *Sword*, much leſs encounter a *Goliah*; therefore you may ſay, certainly no fear of them to *a fearleſs Man*; ay, but the *Gentleman* now handling them, reſolves to ſpoil an *Engliſh Proverb*, and to his *courage* would monopolize *Wit*, and the *Quaker* he ſays has learn'd to ſpeak *ſence*, and which is worſe, he becomes *mannerly*, to ſuch a degree, that this your new Friend (*who grumbles for a place at Court*) begins to ſuſpect himſelf in ſome danger of being poſt-poſed; for the *Quaker* having given the King *decent thanks* for his *Protection*, may, for ought he knows, become *Courtier*. (*Sir*) you are now to believe the Gentleman has ſpit his Poyſon, for he tells you, that *no ſharpneſs is to be mingled where healing only is intended*; and he promiſes hereafter *to ſay nothing to expoſe particular Men, how ſtrong ſoever the temptation may be, or how clear the proofs to make it out*; he might as well have ſaid, Now *Gentlemen Diſſenters* look to your hits, we have been *Complicens*, provoke me not to detect our *Rogueries*; *pleaſe me or all ſhall out*, (but begging his Pardon) he ſhall ſpeak for himſelf, and ſee what follows; 'tis in friendſhip this; *for Arguments ſake*, and to promote the propoſed *healing*, the honeſt well-meaning Man, (*not willing to tell tales*) bearly whiſpers you, *poor deluded Diſſenter*, in the Ear; that to his knowledg there is Death in the Pot, *your Miniſter is a Knave, you are Sold, the Money is Paid, and you are moſt certainly Betrayed.*

Is not this ſaid like a *Church of England Worthy*, *not tied or confined to this or that ſubdiviſion of Proteſtants*, like one eſtranged from *ſharpneſs*, and who affects and intends *healing*? Can Hell it ſelf furniſh a more inveterate and malicious Inſinuation?

We remember the time, when ſome Men talk'd of *Penſioners in Parliament*; they obliged the World with *a Liſt* of thoſe who were reputed ſuch, and if I miſtake not, with the Name

of

of him, who they ſaid, *hired and paid them.*

The *Diſſenter* now addreſſed to, for his own ſafety, ought to challeng this his *new Suiter*, for the Names of ſuch *Miniſters* as have made *the bargain and ſale* ſuggeſted, and methinks his *Charity, and the warmth of his Affection*, ſhould diſpoſe him to gratifie ſuch a modeſt and neceſſary Requeſt; if it be refuſed I muſt conclude my Friend *ſo far gone in his Paſſion*, that he has wholly loſt his Underſtanding, ſhould this *Gentlemans Courtſhip*, any longer *impreſs, or influence him.*

Now our *Author* falls with down right Blows upon the *Addreſſers*, and beſtows bitter *Invectives* upon them, and upon the *Government* to boot; that part of his *Libel* deſerves and probably will be reckoned for in *Weſtminſter Hall*, therefore I ſhall ſhun the danger of becoming his *Acceſſary* by tranſcribing him.

Then he betakes himſelf to *Flattery*, and tells you, that *if you had to do with thoſe riged Prelates who made it a matter of Conſcience to give you the leaſt Indulgence, but kept you at an uncharitable diſtance, and even to your more reaſonable ſcruples continued ſtiffe an inexorable, the argument might be fairer on your ſide.*

I conclude then, that *your Argument* to accept of *Liberty* from the King, is no way *enervated*: Is here any ſort of proof, that *Prelacy* has changed its thoughts, and put on tenderneſs to you; you may not truſt this *undertaker* in a thing ſo valuable as is that, now diſcuſſed, *the Church of England* cannot intend well, or uſe you ſo, (*without incurring the guilt of Perjury as I have heard her ſay*) till ſhe gives up her *Laws of force*, and you ſee that her *Zeal* to uphold them occaſions this *great conceſſion in the Kingdom*, wherefore, I doubt ſhe is not right; and your only ſure way of dealing with her, ſeems to me to be, to *diſarm her* by Act of *Parliament*, of every Weapon which the *Goſpel* did not put into her hand, then I'm ſure *She* can do no Miſchief.

Reverend Mr *Baxter's* expectation was raiſed about twenty ſix

ſix years ſince, by the ſame pretence, as now yours is to be, but after the then *Prelacy (which I am confident the preſent will not diſown)* had long *triffled* with him and his worthy *Brethren, about healing*, in the *Savoy Conferences*; they found themſelves *diſappointed and ſhamd*: If the *Church* be as skilful in *Chirurgery* as our Author would perſwade, ſhe was the more to blame to hold the *Patient* ſo long in hand, as then ſhe did, and in fine to leave or make the *Wound* worſe then ſhe found it. (*honeſty I do find is abſolutely neceſſary to a good Chirurgion*) The ſame *Spirit* ſtill lives in our *Church-Men*, or it may in time to come return again, and poſſeſs them; you have then no other way to *conjure* down the *evil Spirit of Perſecution*, but by a Repeal of the *Penal Laws*, that only can aſſure you, that *a rigid Prelacy* ſhall not hereafter *deſtroy you*; and you have reaſon to take the Alarum at your Woers next harangue, *(Neſcit nox miſſa reverti) She or He* (no matter which) *has enchantment in her Face, and can inſtantly put your Noſe out of joynt with your new Friend, nay look you Dead*; for you are told, that *at this very hour and in the heat and glare of your preſent Sun-ſhine, the Church of England can in a moment bring Clouds again, and turn the royal Thunder upon your Heads, blow you off the Stage with a breath*; *if ſhe would give but a ſmile or a kind word, the leaſt glimpſe of her compliance would throw you back into the ſtate of Suffering and draw upon you all the arrears of Severity which have accrued during the time of this kindneſs to you.*

This is in truth *(my good Friend)* plain dealing, look to your ſelf therefore, and make your peace with her, or you periſh, *(if you believe her)* for *Clouds, Thunder and Tempeſts* await, *(and as ſhe ſaith)* are at her command; *She* can at pleaſure take you into her Power, add to your Yoke, and chaſtice you with *Scorpions*, and that's not all; *She* can bring you to an *After-Reckoning*, laſh you for playing *Truant*, and exact what you have run *in Arrear (this laſt diſcovery will undoubtedly procure the Gentleman an Addreſs of Thanks from* Doctors Commons, *for the City Diſſenters*

Diſſenters are near two years Rent run, there) Nay, and to compleat your miſery *(after all the Reckonings paid)* She can by her Excommunication, throw you, *with a quick hand* to Satan.

You may demand, what ſhall *poor I* do in this my great Strait? *Why*, as you love your Life keep out of her *Clutches*, *defy her*, and attone our Engliſh *Jupiter*, That he may not entruſt his *Thunderbolts* in this mad Hand.

Be true, *I beſeech you*, to your Intereſt, and deport your ſelf ſo to the *King*, that your *new conciliated Friendſhip*, which ſhe upbraids, and envies, may not be endangered.

I ſhall now give you a Reaſon or two, why you may juſtly ſuſpect this *Gentleman*, now making Love to you in the Name of the *Church*. I find his Letter ſtuffed with *malitious and falſe Inſinuations* againſt diſſenting Miniſters (amongſt whom I never found a Knave) I will therefore hope that my telling *you* Truth, tho' to his Diſparagement, will not be taken as a Breach of the Rules of good Manners.

If the *Church of England's Commiſſioners* in the preſent Treaty with you, have been tampering with thoſe of the *Roman Communion*, and offering Terms for the Life of their dearly beloved *Penal Laws*: If they, to come a little cloſer, have propoſed, That if the *Roman Catholicks* will not joyn with you, for the Repeal of thoſe *Laws*, they ſhall be ſecured againſt any imaginary Danger from the *Teſt-Penalties*, in a ſucceeding *Reign*, by a *Mortgage* of the *Honours* and *Eſtates* alſo, of ſom *great Men* driving that Bargain. I ſay, ſhould this be true, there's certainly Miſchief in her Heart, and ſhe will reveng your runing her into this *Incumbrance*, by *teaching you* hereafter, (as *Gideon* did the Men of *Succoth*) with *Briers and Thorns*.

If *She* hath her *Ambaſſadors at this very Hour*, treating an *Alliance* with the *Papiſts*, and propoſing to yield them Liberty by *Act of Parliament*, with Exception of the *Fanatick*.

If theſe, or any others, ſhould at this time, *prate and buz*

Fears

Fears and Jealousies in your Ears, you are obliged to be deaf; upon pain of all the Mischief they intend you. The Church seems to t e nble the bloody *Tyrant*, and seeing her Power reduced, she would be content for a time, to turn *Pedagogue*, and *whip Boys*, to keep her Hand in ure.

The Church *Plenipotentiary*, towards the close of his Letter, *points his Wrath* towards the *King and his Government*: And with *you*, he seems to descend to *calm* (but very *wickedly* intended) *Reasoning*. *It is with Regret that he beholds you disposed to quarrel the Church of* England *now she is upon the Brink of Suffering*: *'Tis very unkind in you, for she never persecuted the Dissenters, but by Direction, and as she was set on*: A bad Excuse, you know, is better than none. The *Gentleman* further insinuates (*and you are to believe him if you will*) That the taking away the *Penal Laws and Tests* (*the Bane of Religion, and of Liberty*) will put you under a Tyranny, and absolutely destroy you. In truth (*Sir*) were I in the *East Indies*, the sight of this lamentable Complaint would greatly move me, for I should doubt the Case of the *Church of England* to be very deplorable, but 'tis a great *Blessing* that all this is *Misrepresentation*, and *foul Slander*. The *King's* Promise secures her of *Peace and Plenty*, and that *Act of Parliament* which shall secure you out of her *Paws*, may give her further *Security* if she wants it. This her *grim faced Representative*, seems to take his short and angry *Turns*, like the *Tower-Lyon*, and ever and anon *roares*; but 'tis not want, but a ravenous Appetite to *rend and tear*, that occasions all this *Wrath and Rage*: Nature will be Nature. Therefore you may tell the Church in your Excuse (for a reason of your Doings ought something to appease her toward you) in the language of the *Lepers*: (My *Distress* is great.) *If I still sit here, I dye, if the* Syrians *save me alive I shall live*; *if they kill me, I shall but dye.*

To *cokes* and work you off, from getting *Liberty of Conscience*,

ſcience, from the only Hand which can diſpenſe it: You are told that *ſome of the Church of* England *were Trimmers for enduring you, and the Maxim was, It is impoſſible for a Diſſenter, not to be a Rebel.*

This *Gentleman* certainly thinks that you have forgot, who gave thoſe *moderate Men* that Name of Reproach, therefore you may tell him, That to your Knowledg the *Church* eſteemed them but *ſpurious Sons*, and could not endure them, becauſe they gave you a good Look; you need not go to *Gloceſter* to make this out; but if you ſhould let me engage you to take *Salisbury* in your way, and enquire there how the Church treated a *Proteſtant-Reconciler*. If you do ſo, pray uſe your Intereſt with her, and try whether in this *height of her Careſſes, ſhe* will demonſtrate the ſincerity of her Affection to you, by recomending it to that *Doctor* to *recant* his *Recantation*.

As to the *Maxim* cited, *It is impoſſible for a Diſſenter not to be a Rebel.* I am certain it was delivered from a Pulpit, nearer to *Ludgate* then that of *Limeſtreet*.

So much for the *Gentleman's angry and whedling* part; Now I bring you to his *Politicks:* and the *Diſſenters* are meer *Fools*, if they truſt not to his moſt wiſe *Conduct*, for he ſaith *you* (ſilly ſoul) *act very unskilfully againſt your viſible Intereſt*; this were to purpoſe indeed, if made out, but the Miſchief of it is, the powerful *Argument of Intereſt* turns againſt him; The *Diſſenters Liberty* may nowbe certainly *eſtabliſhed*, but, ſaith the *Church*, I ſee my *halcyon Days* at hand, put on a little Patience, and then *you and I will treat about the Matter*. Were you in the Extremity of the *Stone*, and ſure of receiving preſent Eaſe by an *infallible Chirurgion*, your next *Neighbour*, who tells you his *Price*, and ever *made good his Word*; how would you entertain that *Friend's Counſel*, who ſhould ſay, let me adviſe you to wait a little, for I hear that *Germans* excell all others in this Caſe, and about Six Months hence I may bring you one from *Vienna* to try his *Skill*: But to be plain with you, when he comes, *he will*

will leave you as he finds you, if you break with him for *Terms*; but I do think he will not be *unreasonable*, for he hath a very good *Character*: I know you have an Answer at Hand, therefore (without leading you) I pray transmit it to this your Counsellor.

A Word or two more, and I have done; He passes his Word, That *the Church of* England *is convinced of its Error, in being Severe to you.* I know not how this will pass with you, but being too much a *Stranger* to this *Author*, and to the nature of his *Commission*, I should be glad to see *her* put out her own *Declaration of Repentance*; for should this *Person* have *Authority* to speak for her (*tho of old, true Penitents spoke for themselves*) *he* doth it so *ukwardly* in this Paper; that, to be plain, I suspect 'tis *insincere*; for he *contends*, and that with the height of Passion, to uphold her *Penal Laws*, and I have no other Quarrel with her, but about *Thunderbolts*.

He proceeds, *The Parliament, when ever it meeteth, is sure to be gentle to you*: 'tis the first thing we agree in, and it grieves me that we could not hit upon it sooner; *I do* hope and *believe*, he is at length in the right, but that I may not be cheated; if you find him in good humor, when you see him; let him know from me, (*with my service*) that my *suffrage* shall never help *him*, or any of his *Spirit* and *Principle* into the House of *Commons*; He admonishes you not to *misapply your anger*, allow another Friend to exhort you, not to *misplace* your *Voice*, when the King shall please to call a *Parliament*, and you will oblige your self and me.

Septemb. 10 1687.

Adieu,

Yours Affectionately,

T. W.

FINIS.

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